

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Who Can They Be?

On the current of society news there is floating just now the spiciest morsel of society gossip that people have discussed for many a day. The story comes from Crab Orchard, and the courier who brought it to the town folks is willing to vouch for its solidity. Here in Louisville there dwells a fleshy widower who is an ardent swain. Once he was a turfman, with a proud prestige and a blue-grass farm. These luxuries, however, were all swept away by financial reverses, and then the portly turfman joined the church and developed into a lecturer. Again he failed, and very recently he has been engaged in the holiest of all occupations—soliciting subscriptions and writing thoroughbred editorials for a sporting paper. He is large, but he's lively. He isn't beautiful, but he has winning ways, and in the parlance of the vulgar, the old man occasionally "catches on" among the girls. Let us give him his military title and call him "the General." It seems, according to the story from Crab Orchard, that about three months ago the General was at Paris, Ky., working up the interests of his beloved sporting paper among the blue-grass people. While there he was introduced to a beautiful girl from Crab Orchard, and very speedily the unacceptable old gentleman lost his heart, as he had done under similar circumstances something less than a million times before. He laid siege to all the fair damsel's affections, and apparently the young lady wailed. The General wailed some more, and then both of them wailed. An ardent courtship was the result, and when the young lady—who is high bred and rich and very prettily returned to her home at Crab Orchard, gosp said that the General was her affianced husband. At all events the genial old gentleman seemed to think that he had an impression, and it wasn't a great while before he called to see the young lady at her home. She received him kindly, and rode him about in her phæton. It is unnecessary to say that the genial General was delighted. As time passed he visited Crab Orchard quite frequently, and in that part of the country it was very generally understood that he had engaged the young lady's hand in marriage. In fact, nobody doubted this was the true situation of affairs, and not long ago the General wrote to his associate editor in Louisville that he expected to climb the golden stair of matrimony ere the winter had passed and gone. Thus it was known, or at least believed, that there was to be a fashionable and remarkable wedding at an early day—a veritable romance of May and December. But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip. About two weeks ago the General visited Crab Orchard again, this time, it is said, for the purpose of bringing away his bonnie bride; but, alas! how rashly was the cup of happiness knocked from his lips when the young lady closed up her house and refused even so much as to see him. Thus the old courser was shut out in the first heat, even after he had turned into the home stretch at a winning pace. So goes the story from Crab Orchard, and in that part of the country nothing else is talked about. The young lady's reasons for thus changing her determination have not been made public, and it is said that the General didn't wait to ask for an explanation. He simply packed up his valise and retired from the scene of his love dream in an all broken up condition. He is one of the cleverest and most popular gentlemen in Kentucky, and his friends will regret this little set back. The General is too good natured and light hearted to care much about it, however.—[Sunday Argus.]

A SHARPE GAME.—Some time ago a moonshiner, who had a lot of contraband whisky on hand, approached a man in this city, who was keeping a saloon, and quietly but carefully let him into the secret, and finally sold him a barrel of the stuff. It was delivered in due time and carefully rolled into the cellar of the saloonist. The moonshiner then announced that he was ready to receive the money for the liquor, when the saloonist coldly informed him that no money would be paid him; that the liquor was "wild," belonged to nobody, but would be sold over his counter, and he would pocket the money. He further advised the moonshiner to "skip" off home and drop the matter, and threatened to inform the government officers. The moonshiner skipped, but the story has generally leaked out.—[B. G. Democrat.]

At Winchester, Texas, a ten-year-old boy met with a singular death a few days ago, by being packed in a bale of cotton. He fell into the press, which is run by machinery, and was covered by the cotton, which prevented any cries from being heard. After the cotton was baled and rolled out of the press some of his clothes were seen. The ties were cut and the boy found in the bale, but strange as it may seem, no bones were broken, and the body was neither mangled nor bruised—only a slight bleeding at the nose. Had not some clothing protruded from the bale he would have been sold with the bale.

It is stated that in some parts of Africa there is but one missionary to 2,000,000 natives. Unless the "possum crop" is very large some of the poor heathen must be obliged to go hungry to bed pretty often. It is hoped that they have enough red flannel night-caps to go around. A heathen without a red flannel night-cap is a sad spectacle, and the mere contemplation of such a picture should induce little boys to put all their pennies in the missionary box instead of spending them for taffy on a stick.

An English authority says that the cheques are 500 to 1 against claret being good, or claret at all. The safest way is to call for beer—and throw it out of the back window. No matter how much the beer may be adulterated, it will not hurt a man if he follows this plan.

It is understood that General Chalmers will be a democrat till the end of this Congress, to which he claims to have been elected as a democrat. His republican engagement does not begin until 12 A. M., March 4, 1883.

A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep under an arbor. "You idiot dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."

Mr. James A. Clark, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have been troubled with litigation, and have been greatly benefited by Brown's Iron Bitters."

Young Ladies, Beware of the Drummer. A beautiful young girl, neatly dressed and of modest deportment, was observed this morning at the Union depot, awaiting a train on the Dayton & Michigan road, for Toledo. She had been living at the Orphan's Home at Xenia for several years past, but having arrived at the age of sixteen she was discharged under the rules by which the Home is governed. She was on her way to relatives in Michigan, and had purchased her ticket via the Dayton & Michigan in order to connect with the Canada Southern. The fact that such a young and innocent looking girl was traveling alone on such a long journey attracted the attention of the ticket agent and a policeman at the depot, who resolved to kindly watch over her while here. Nor were their precautions in vain, for it was not long until a drummer of self-confident air and bewitching manners entered into conversation with her, and when the Toledo, Cincinnati & St. Louis train for Toledo arrived he informed her that that was her train for Toledo, and that as he was going to Toledo also he would escort her on her journey. The officer, who had been watching his movements all the time, waited until he had taken the girl into the train and was in the act of sitting down beside her. Then seizing the man by the arm he shoved him back, and explained to the affrighted girl that she was on the wrong train. The fellow who had so unscrupulously been attempting to victimize the innocent girl was too cowardly to make any excuses or explanations, and was well satisfied to go into another car to escape the scorn of the indignant passengers.—[Dayton Special.]

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One day this week we stepped on the platform scales of one of our coal dealers, and asked to be weighed. The dealer said, "Why, certainly!" and called to the man inside to take the weight. And the man thought it was coal he was weighing, and shouted back the weight, "Six hundred pounds!"—[Ex.]

A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to your happiness!"

Convict this man of being a gambler!" said the Texas Judge. "I won't hear of it. He's an infant in years!" Why I beat him out of \$120 last night—when I was pretty drunk, too."

Bear a Deadly Drug.

Beer is pronounced the most fatal to human life of all intoxicating drinks. A short time ago one of the largest and most conservative life insurance companies withdrew from business in Indiana on the discovery that the deaths in that State exceeded the tables of mortality. The President of the company proceeded to make a detailed investigation, and in his report he asserts that beer-drinking is carried to great excess in three or four counties, and that in those is where the unexpected losses of life occurred. General statistics of life insurance show that in Ohio, where the consumption of beer is very great, deaths average sixteen in every thousand of the population; in Kentucky and Tennessee, where more whisky than beer is used, the death rate is eleven in one thousand, while in Canada the drinker confines himself almost entirely to whisky, the death average but six in one thousand. The moral of this is that whisky is a healthy drink, for all kinds of liquors make frightful lurks upon longevity. Cases apparently to the contrary are quite exceptional. These facts have more and more claimed the attention of the largest life insurance companies, and the result is almost inevitable that they will be obliged to make stringent provisions in their policies relative to the matter.—[Rochester Herald.]

"My father," said Gilhooly solemnly, "was more sensitive to colds than any body I ever knew. The slightest exposure gave him a cold." "That must have been very disagreeable," "Indeed it was. He never could sit near a draft for a minute without catching cold. I remember on one occasion he was sitting in the office of a friend, when all at once my father began to sneeze. He insisted that there was a draft in the room. Every effort was made to discover where the draft was, but in vain. The doors and windows were closed, and there was no fire-place; but my father kept on sneezing and insisting that there must be a draft in the room—and so there was." "Where was it?" "In an envelope on the table, and it was only a little draft for \$3.40."

Stories of faithful dogs abound, but few writers ever give the faithful master any credit. Hence this little thing from Greece: "A dog fell overboard from a steamer. The Captain refused to stop for any thing short of a drowning man. 'You will stop for me, of course,' said the gentleman, who leaped overboard. Of course master and dog were both saved."

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. It acts directly upon the blood and the mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford.

If Catarrh has destroyed your sense of smell and hearing, Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure you, 75 cents per bottle. Druggists sell it.

\$100 REWARD

Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price, 75 cents.

Lincoln County Farm For Sale!

One who has privately my farm of 673 acres on the River 4th and East of State, within a half mile of the new turnpike now being constructed from Stanford to Frankfort, and the State road from Frankfort to Lexington, will sell to the highest bidder, for \$10,000, a lot of 100 acres, a house, barns, outbuildings, and a garden, with a fine spring, some of them medicinal water. Improvements, state-class, including the fencing. Terms liberal. Address or call on Mr. J. C. COOPER, COOPER'S COTTAGE, Stanford, Lincoln County, Ky.

ARTICLES of INCORPORATION

OF THE

Lancaster, Danville & Stanford

TELEPHONE CO.

We, the undersigned, B. M. Burdett, W. S. Miller, Robt. H. West, W. E. W. and J. E. Kimball, do hereby agree to and by these presents constitute ourselves to the best of our knowledge and belief, a company to be known by the name of "Lancaster, Danville & Stanford Telephone Line," to be situated in the State of Kentucky, and the same to be for the purpose of carrying on a business of sending telegraphic messages to and from its various offices.

The corporation is to have power to make contracts, execute and enter into all necessary and proper agreements, and to do all acts necessary to carry on the business of sending telegraphic messages to and from its various offices.

The corporation is to have power to establish bylaws, make by-laws and rules and regulations that may be deemed expedient for the management of its affairs and not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the State of Kentucky or of the United States.

The corporation shall at no time be subject to a debt or deficiency, direct or contingent, to a greater amount than the sum of \$10,000.

The principal place of business of the corporation shall be at Lancaster, and its principal place of business at Stanford.

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DORSEY, the star rōuté thief, is publishing large budgets of letters from Garfield and others to show how highly he was held in the estimation of the late lamented President, and they do show that he was considerably check-by-jowl with him. They further show that Garfield was possessed all during the canvas with intense anxiety as to the result of the election and that he was in for almost any means to secure his victory. In one of his letters to Dorsey, he makes this suggestive point: "From twenty to thirty thousand voters of Indiana are members of the denomination of the Democrats and at least half of them are Democrats. A quiet but very earnest movement, wholly outside the State committee, has been organized and has been vigorously and judiciously pushed with the strongest probability that at least two thousand five hundred changes of votes in our favor will result." This shows that he worked his religious connections for all they were worth and that he did so. A good many things have transpired since his decease that show that Garfield, to say the least, was not so good and great as his eulogists have pictured him.

We are glad to observe that a bill to pension the Mexican soldiers has been agreed on by the proper committee and that it is likely to become a law as soon as it is reached. These old veterans are fully as much entitled to pensions as the soldiers of the late war, if not more so, and the fact that they have been denied it so long is far from being creditable to the party in power, who claimed that they would not vote for such a bill because Jefferson Davis would be a beneficiary.

This was a small, mean and contemptible, but it was an excuse which the new bill kills by proposing to exclude Mr. Davis from the benefits. He doesn't need it and does not want it, so let the bill pass so that justice may be done the old fellows that are fast passing away.

BROTHER BARNES' CIRCULAR.

HUDSON RIVER R. R. en route to New York City.

Dear Friends:

I write this message to you as I dash along the river's brink, at high speed

—type of life's journey, so soon to bring up at the last station, where we shall all take our places for Eternity. I write with the terminus full in view. Will you listen to me? I write for Marie and myself. We have but one heart and voice in this address to our old and new friends.

You know well the manner of our life these six years past, how that, with one desire—to preach and sing "the truth as it is in Jesus"—one purpose—to yield all that we have and are, in holy consecration to His loving service; and one hope—that we may "finish our course with joy, and the minister committed to us by the Lord Jesus."

To this end, without intermission, or what man call "rest," we have by the Lord's grace, pursued "the even tenor" of this way, blessed, as you all know, beyond the highest expectations of ourselves or others—"exceedingly abundantly above what we asked or thought." To the Lord we give all the praise, as we set up a grateful "Elohim"—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped."

We are now about to enter on the 7th year of this evangel, in earnest hope that it will eclipse in usefulness and truthfulness the other six, as the seventh ocean wave overtops all its predecessors in strength and volume. We fully believe the Lord will do this for His own glory if we are as true to Him in the wider field to which He has called us, as in the limits of our native State.

Six years ago, almost to a day, obeying a call as clear as Abram's or Paul's, we left Chicago, where Mr. Owles had just built a new chapel at large expense, and settled us in a house newly furnished from cellar to garret, and came to Kentucky to labor for the Lord among those of our own household, telling first of all, to our "Kinfolks and friends, what great things the Lord had done for us" and them.

Now, obeying still a call not to be mislead, and still "wondering with great amazement" that the Lord should thus use us, we have "come out from our kindred and our father's house, into a land we knew not," only knowing Him who led us by the hand. Now we can only hear one command—"Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." We obeyed the command, began world-wide this second call, that we should go on as in other days, using the same methods and following the beaten track. We forgot, as David did when called to fight the Philistines, that the Lord does not repeat Himself, but that our faith may ever find new fields for exercise, commands to wait for the sound of a going among the mulberry trees" instead of the familiar mode of attack—"an aftertime." Now, therefore, we seem called upon to labor in a perfectly independent way. We have faithfully and patiently tried working in the groves of ordinary church methods, on a cell from this or that pastor. In every case, of late, with marked failure in results. Slow, perhaps, to learn the lesson the Lord was teaching us, yet now prompt to act that it is learned, we propose, henceforth to work independently of all church organizations and pastorates. Not, therefore, imputing blame to any, but our dream of opposition to the church's time "No." has finally, as far as with man, to take up, we find, and not pull down, we propose in future, by God's grace, to work outside church edifices and church order. It is a fact, not to be denied for a moment, that the "passion" will not darken a church door. For some reason the church has lost its grip upon the world, and now what is left is to go where we can get hold of lost men. "In the highways and hedges" is the "upper" call, and, as we surely believe we are at the "eventide" of this dispensation, it behoves us to "go out quickly" and "compel them to come in," that guests to the feast be not wanting. "The world is rocking on a worn-out axle," and in another generation it may be too late. We may not stand up prominently now. Too much is at stake. We are the shepherds of the sheep.

We find these unusually far away from

the ordinary church doors, and are anxious to take men as we find them. "With hostility to none—charity to all," as Francis Marsh has it, we wish to go out after the lost sheep and bring them in. In public halls and places of resort we shall find them by the

thousand and hope to gather them in. But this requires money and much of it. To advertise by hand-bill and poster and newspaper, so that no hour of time be lost, waiting for the news to slowly creep out, as in the past, will take what I now wish you to give—money, money. We wish to utilize every advantage the Lord puts in our way, as He may direct. If I had \$10,000 I could use it wisely and well. O, that I had that sum now!

Just a few points to make all clear, and anticipated questions naturally arising even in unapocryphal minds. 1. The fund we wish to raise through you, though wholly under our control, and unreservedly placed at your disposal, will go directly for the work of the Lord, and not be used by us for family expenses. Any sums thus temporarily employed, as the Lord may direct, to be replaced with scrupulous fidelity, and the accounts kept indefinitely separate. Do not think, dear friends, we are asking personal report. Not a dollar will go for that purpose. 2. We ask no one to give who thinks we are capable of ministerial designs of self-appropriation, in thus asking gifts for the Lord. No, dear friends, the blessing of trusting the Lord directly for "daily bread" is too great to forego, for any consideration. If we have not earned your confidence enough, in these six years to induce you to trust us with the faithful disbursement of your gifts, then we ask you not to give. 3. We only ask those giving who do it lovingly and cheerfully, "without grudging," and because they love us for our sake, as well as for our own. We do not demand any personal friendship or affection, but want that to be a consecrated fund, that the Lord can consistently bless every dollar of it. He "loveth a cheerful giver." 4. We send to each place, rapidly as possible, a little memoir of this transaction for the Lord, in the shape of a slip with our acknowledgement of your loving gift, and another to be returned to, and preserved by us, in memory. 5. We will place the matter of collection, in each place, in hands, where we think, the task will be cheerfully undertaken, and we ask any one requested by such person, to aid in the matter of sharing this burden, as we had directly appealed to them. Simple economy of time prevents corresponding with more than a single party in each place. 6. In places remote, it may not be possible to get the printed slips promptly. Let not the failure in instant time dates from giving you cause to complain. 7. Let the gift, as nearly as possible, be a "Christmas gift." Give as a "memory," one, as never before. And here, beloved, we leave it with you, as in the presence of the Lord. If you love your Savior, "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." If we have any personal claim on you in love and gratitude, for services lovingly rendered in the past; if we have been instruments of blessing to you or those you love, let that claim find expression and be fully cancelled by prompt aid in this crisis of the work. If you would appropriately tell "in very deed" how you appreciate the love of Him who for us all was born in Bethlehem, send this Christmas gift to help proclaim the good news to others. If you believe this gospel of love we preach and sing, the remedy for the world's sorrows and ills; if it is the address to live in this world, and even to "offer" or "sacrifice" that afflicts this "poor torn" humanity, then make us we beseech you, your faithful missionaries to proclaim it far and wide. You can not leave your home to do it, but we can, and now stand ready (O, how gladly), to go to "earth's remotest bounds" with the good news. "We are ready to go down into the pit; will you stand and let down the rope?" So asked one of old. So ask we to-day.

May love's appeal be not in vain. Ever in Jesus affectionately,

GEORGE O. BARNES,
MARIE S. BARNES.

Mr. R. L. Hubbard, of Lincoln, sold to Dr. C. L. Caldwell and J. W. Smith, of Barren county, a black jack, four years old, for \$700.

No one has announced himself as a candidate for representative in this county yet. Several gentlemen are spoken of on the democratic side.

A bomb exploded by some unknown parties broke out 20 panes of glass in the Clerk's office windows and did other damage.

The Marshal was absent.

An effort is being made to build a plank walk from Dr. Price's out Danville street as far as the limits of town.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 22, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North 9:30 A. M.

South 2:00 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

Buy your ammunition of all kinds from McRoberts & Stagg.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FALL lot of Zeigler's Shoes just received and for sale at J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

STANDARD Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, for 10 cents at Penny & McAlister's.

LARGE stock of Window Glass, all sizes. Double thick glass for flower pots, at Penny & McAlister.

Just received a new lot of cloaks for ladies and children and a fine lot of Dolmans. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

Miss JENNIE BUCHANAN was here yesterday.

Mr. G. M. DAVIDSON is home from his "military" in Mercer.

Miss MATTIE BROWN, of Lancaster, is with her sister, Mrs. Geo. H. Bruce.

Miss MAGGIE HARRIS went to Louisville yesterday to spend Christmas with Miss Maggie Blinn.

Hon. W. O. BRADLEY is very gallantly spoken of as Minister to Spain in the place of Hanibal Hamlin, who is about to resign. Mr. Bradley is one of the brightest young republicans in the State, and his hard work for his party entitles him to the most distinguished consideration at the hands of the dispenser of offices.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Go to the "Twin Fronts."

PLAID COTTONS at 8¢ cts. per yard at Kline's.

A CHRISTMAS TREE and Concert at Mr. Pugab to-night.

E. P. OWSEY is closing out his cloaks and dolmans at cost.

SLEEP WARM—Go to Kline's and buy his 65 cent Comfort.

PROF. ROGERS' school, owing to sickness, closed yesterday till Jan. 1.

COTTON AND TICKING.—D. Kline keeps both these articles cheaper than any body.

Mr. WILL A. HALL has had paternal honors thrust upon him. It's a girl and weighs 9 lbs.

A LARGE VARIETY of cook stoves, heating stoves and grates just received by A. Owen & Sons.

LOWER THAN EVER.—To reduce stock I will sell at reduced rates for cash till Jan. 1, W. T. Green.

Good Business House for rent from Jan. 1, 1883. Now occupied by W. T. Green. Apply to M. D. Elmore, Stanford, Ky.

COME early and make your selection from our large stock of cheap Toys before they have been picked over. McAlister & Bright.

THERE were only three prisoners in jail a few days ago, the smallest number for years. Two more were added this week for small offences.

Just received a large stock of French and stick candies, foreign and domestic fruits and nuts, for the Holidays at McAlister & Bright.

THE WEATHER has been exceedingly changeable this week. Wednesday it was windier than March and yesterday was as bright and as pleasant as May.

To REDUCE my stock of Dry Goods, &c., I offer special inducements in prices for the next week or two. Call and see how low goods can be sold. J. W. Hayden.

A CARELESS mail agent left the Richmond Branch pouch for this office at the Junction yesterday, but our P. M., Mr. B. G. Alford, kindly went down and brought it up.

THE C. S. R. R. will sell tickets to all points on the road beginning on the 23d and ending on the 26th, at 2 cents per mile each way, good till January 2. It is their Christmas gift to their patrons.

THE Amateur Club of Hustonville, will give an entertainment there next Tuesday night for the benefit of the Cornell Band. The programme is a most amusing one and all who attend can laugh and grow fat.

THE people of McKinney and vicinity will have a Christmas tree at the Schoolhouse there for the benefit of the poor children and others. This is a most commendable move and might be followed in other localities.

THE MASKERS will have the floor at the Rink to-night till 8:30, when masks will be removed and the skating become general. A floor committee will arrange details. Until the maskers arrive at 7:30, other skaters can use the floor.

Mr. BARNES' friends here have partially responded to his call by sending him \$100 or so. One gentleman says he will give any amount to bring the Evangelist back to Kentucky, but not a red cent will be given to aid a man in preaching to people who do not want to hear him.

B. K. WEARNE's Furniture Store is the place to go for Christmas presents. He is receiving a full line of fancy cabinet ware, such as wall pockets, comb cases, velvet frames and moldings, hat racks, stand tables, &c. Also a big lot of waggons, carriages and wheelbarrows for the little folks.

THE Sam Holmes case for wounding Mr. Ed. Davidson with intent to kill while he was marshal of Stanford, has again been continued at Liberty. It should be struck from the docket as there seems to be a settled determination never to try it. Some of the witnesses are paid thirty odd dollars each court, while all from here, some \$ or 10 in number, get \$5.25 for going down there and coming back. It is a costly farce.

BONNET GINGHAM at Kline's for 8¢ cts. per yard.

CHRISTMAS presents in the dry goods line can be had at J. W. Hayden's.

LOOK NOW.—Go to Kline's and get beautiful calices at 4, 5 and 6 cts. per yard.

FRESH raisins, currants, citron and other fancy groceries for Christmas cake at A. Owen's.

I HAVE four or five good building lots in Stanford for sale, elegantly located and two of them the nicest in town. John Bright.

Just received a new line of China, Glass and Queensware, including some handsome Tea, Chamber and water-sets. McAlister & Bright.

THE DOUBLE NUMBER of the Stanford JOURNAL, issued Tuesday, is neat and new, the single number usually is. [Louisville Commercial.]

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BOYLE COUNTY.

DANVILLE.

Mr. Wm. Moore, son of W. L. Moore, of this place, was brought home from Hustonville this week so seriously ill that no hopes are entertained for his recovery. Mr. Talbot Shuckford and wife are visiting Mrs. S. V. Rowland. Chas. E. Clarke and family have gone to Missouri to "become natives."

THE CHILDREN.

Attending the 1st Presbyterians Sunday school will be entertained at the Court-house on Friday night by a sort of variety performance, chardes, tableaux, Christmas tree and supper. Those at the First Methodist S. S. by gifts from Santa Claus. The Christian church Sunday school will have supper at Gilcher's on Tuesday night. The Northern Methodist on Thursday night at Mr. E. B. Lineay's. The Baptist people have not yet decided what the will do. The pupils attending the Institute for the

D. & D.

Under the heading of "Fun by the Wholesale" gave a laughable series of Pantomimes at the Chapel on Thursday night. By the loss of some facilities the others are more strongly developed and these unfortunate have per force become keen observers and are unrivaled in mimicry. They go to Harroldson on Friday night.... Rev. G. D. Atchison is in Danville, son of Rev. Chas. Taylor of the Methodist church, is on the road for harness and saddle and tools in Danville this week. Rev. G. D. Atchison is in Danville, son of Rev. Chas. Taylor of the Methodist church, is on the road for harness and saddle and tools in Danville this week.

AS ONE.

When love takes up the harp of life 'tis even in tune. At the residence of J. Barnes Caldwell, in this county, on Tuesday 10th, Miss Susie M. Caldwell was married to Mr. Geo. P. Newbold of Marion county, by Rev. C. H. Martin. On Wednesday, 20th, at the residence of Mr. Thos. Cotton, Miss Susie G. Cotton to Mr. Jno. C. Collingworth, of Kansas, by Rev. Thos. Vaughan. A license was issued on the 19th for the marriage of Morris C. Barnes to Miss Maggie Nevins.

ELEMENTS.

Crusel parsons forced Charlie Hunt, of the C. S. R. R. to take from her home in Danville, Miss Adelle Thorel, daughter of Mr. Jno. P. Thorel, wine host of the Central Hotel. They were married in Cincinnati on Wednesday. Ruth rose early in the morning "before one could know another" and so did Madeline Nevins. But she knew that Jarret T. Mock would meet her at the depot for the early morning train for Cincinnati on Thursday. And I suppose they are married by this time. "Hail I like not that," says Connery T.

DR. F. T.

Robt. C. Stewart, aged 62, died at his home near Danville on Tuesday night, from a paroxysm of pain, caused by acute mania. Funeral services at Christian church yesterday at 1 P. M., by Ed. J. M. Streeter.

FOR THE LADIES.

A quilt of rare beauty and elegance can be had at Harris, Durham & Dillon's store. It is made of silk, satin, plush and velvet from a design secured from the South Kensington (London) Art School. Mrs. Muller made it for amusement, but not less than \$75 will pay her for the sun she had.... The Caton place, on Salt River, 58 acres, sold at auction for \$1,385 to George Mahan. The Maj. Meyer place on the Perryville pike, containing 60 acres was sold to him for \$3,050.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Sam. M. Burdett, Editor.—There will be a wedding here next Sunday.

A nice line of stationery at J. L. Whitehead's.

—Christmas and New Year cards at J. L. Whitehead's.

—Parlor and mantel lamps with Argand burners at J. L. Whitehead's.

—The biggest stock of Holiday Goods in Mt. Vernon at J. L. Whitehead's.

—All the poets, the best novels and the best stock of holiday books at J. L. Whitehead's.

—You can buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary from J. L. Whitehead at prices ranging from \$10 to \$25.

—Toys, dolls, candies, raisins, nuts, oranges, lemons, firework and Chinese lanterns for sale by J. L. Whitehead.

—Last Monday, W. H. Albright resigned the office of Sheriff, and on Wednesday, James White was appointed to fill the vacancy.

—You can buy from J. L. Whitehead any book, newspaper or periodical published in the English language. He is the man to take your orders.

—J. L. Whitehead desires to call attention to his large and elegant stock of jewelry. He has the best selected, best mounted and best line of jewelry in town.

—Geo. Sambrook, late a contractor on the Knoxville extension was here Tuesday. He thinks trains will run through to Knoxville by not later than Jan. 20th.

—The Dramatic Club's entertainment will certainly take place next Thursday night, 28th inst. The proceeds will be used to purchase a communion service for the church.

—The construction train met with an accident at Irwin's Station near Williamsonburg, Tuesday. A car loaded with timber was thrown from the track and a brakeman killed.

—At J. L. Whitehead's drug and book store and news depot, you will find a carefully selected stock of pure drugs and medicines. Prescriptions compounded at all hours by experienced hands.

—If you want to make a brother, sister, wife, husband, mother, father, daughter, son, friend or sweetheart a Christmas present, go to J. L. Whitehead's and get it. He keeps every thing from a bottle of perfume to a sewing machine.

—On Tuesday, the 19th inst., at Manchester, Miss Emma White was married to Mr. J. L. Logan, of Nicholasville. The bride was one of the most lovely and accomplished young ladies of Clay county. The happy pair were passengers on the North-bound train Wednesday morning.

—ABOUT PEOPLE.—Mr. Wm. Flannery, of Louisville, who has just finished a small contract of masonry on the K. C. R. R. was in town Wednesday night. He is a bright business young man and thinks of getting a permanent position with some of the contractors on the K. C. R. He is a man of great energy and enterprise. He is the unusual desire of the managers that he should continue his labors here. It is not often that the individual who pushes this pencil makes a mistake in a new item, but, in this instance, he was misled by a remark made by one of the church officials.

—But little change in the caskets and sheep market in Cincinnati. Best bogards quoted at \$45 down to \$55 for common.

—(KIRKTONWELL COUNTY)—From 250 to 300 cattle offered, and feeders selling at \$4.80 per cwt. Yearlings brought from \$2.50 to \$3 per head. But few males, and prices ranging from \$20 to \$35.

—The commissioner of agriculture, in his next monthly report will give as full data of the corn and wheat crop of Kentucky, showing that we have produced 60,000 bushels of corn and 17,000 bushels of wheat.

Mr. Geo. Evans, Jr. The bride was unusually handsome in Russian blue chadron satin, Spanish lace and natural flowers.

She wore a bonnet same shade of her dress, with crushed strawberry trimmings. The groom looked happy and noble in a Prince Albert suit of black. Miss Lillie Noel was attired in an elegant greenish satin

THE LOST WILL.

A Story of Love.

Old Gerald Rushford was dead and buried, and all the dear five hundred friends were in a state of astonishment and consternation over his will, for it named his pet and protege, Marian Gray, his sole heiress, while his nephew, Robert Rushford, was not even mentioned.

"There is some strange mistake," Mr. Wilde, the lawyer, said. "There was a later will than this drawn up after Mr. Robert came home, and leaving the bulk of the property to him. In it Miss Gray was generously remembered, too; but this one, which makes her heiress, was made while Mr. Rushford was ignorant that his nephew had escaped. I suppose that this will had long since been destroyed."

"What caused him to suppose so?" was Robert Rushford's very natural question; to which his lawyer replied that his client had told him—on the occasion of his drawing up the second will—that it was his intention to put the first one in the fire.

"And I thought he had done so. I never doubted but that this was the latest will. It seems, however, that we have got hold of the wrong document; the other is still in existence somewhere. We will have a thorough search for it."

"And until you find it, or if you fail to find it, this one stands," said Robert Rushford quietly, stating a fact which the lawyer was forced to admit.

Meantime the heiress by the first will and legatees by the second had sat quiet and still. She listened, with her eyes cast down, but spoke no word.

While her friends and acquaintances discussed her—not always quite inaudibly—"What a very awkward and peculiar position for Miss Gray! What an opportunity—if the second will did not turn up—to show her magnanimity and sense of honor, by making over the fortune to young Rushford! Doubtless, in such case, he would be most generous to her, and, really, you know, to a girl of Miss Gray's birth and former position, a few thousands would be a fortune. What was her position? A daughter to old Rushford's housekeeper, my dear, brought up for a governess, or something—came on a visit to her mother while the old man was sick, and nursed him so tenderly and skilfully that he could not be persuaded to part with her again. She had been as a daughter in the house ever since, and if young Rushford had never turned up—if he had really been lost at sea, as was so long supposed—why, you know, rich old men were eccentric, and there would have been nothing very astonishing in his making her his heiress after all. But now—it would be terrible. Utter ruin to the young man's prospects in life. Of course his engagement with Florence Huntley would be broken off. Florence was not fit for a poor man's wife—a lovely creature—and he so fatigued, my dear; it will break his heart to lose her!"

And so on, the stream of gossip flowed—some portions of it finding its way to Marian's ears—until the searching party returned, and announced that, as yet, they had not found the second will.

There was a marked increase of respect toward Miss Gray after this intelligence, and some would have congratulated her, but she checked them.

"It is too early yet," she said, with a smile.

But the gossip agreed that her chances were favorable.

"And if she really is the heiress, my dear, why of course it's dreadful for the young man—terrible—but still—"

Public opinion was disposed to be kind to the heiress in any case.

"She is not over eager—she bears her honors meekly—shouldn't wonder if she turns the fortune over to the nephew after all!" was the comment of many after they left the house and went their several ways.

They would have judged differently if they could have seen her that night, looked serenely in her own room, the blinds and shutters closed, no eyes save those of Heaven upon her. She unfastened her dress and drew a sealed and folded parchment from her bosom—it was the missing will!

She gazed upon it long and earnestly.

"Miserable old man," she whispered. "If I should give you to him now what ruin you would work me. Yes, you would rob me of all I prize, and place it in the keeping of another! And will he lose Miss Huntley for being poor? What is her love worth, then? And is she so dear to him that he will break his heart to lose her—as it would mine to lose the one whom I love? Whom I love! Whom I love!" she went on, in the same low whisper, clasping her hands in a burst of anguish. "Whom I love, but who has no thought for me! Only for her—and will my action part them? Is it a sin? Will he ever, ever forgive me? Is it a sin to be true to her, but are these true? We shall see—for, if they are, poverty will not part them!"

When she lay down to sleep that night the lost will lay under her pillow, and a sealed letter beside it, addressed to Robert Rushford; Marian kissed that name before she went to sleep.

"He will forgive my sin when he reads this letter," she thought. "I do but obey the dead."

And all next day she will lay warm in her bosom, while Robert and Mr. Wilde searched carefully and weary through all the house. It was hard to see his disappointed face, and feel that she could make all well so easily.

"I must obey the dead," she told her self. "I must obey the dead!"

At last they gave up all hope of the lost will. Robert resigned himself to what seemed a hard fate, and Miss Gray was declared Gerald Rushford's lawful heiress.

Mr. Wilde made no secret of his disgust.

"There might be some arrangement made by which you could fulfill the wishes of the dead, Miss Gray," he said.

"I judge you are hardly one to play the eneko by pushing the true bird out of the nest in order to occupy it yourself. I can remember the terms of the second will."

"To this broad hint she answered, quietly: "The will may yet be found, sir. Excuse me if I hesitate to tax your memory while that chance remains. Believe me, my most earnest wish and endeavor is—to obey the dead."

He did not understand.

"She puzzles me," he said to Robert, "but somehow I fancy she'll give you your money after all; yes, I do believe me."

"So do not I," replied Robert. "Women are mercenary. See how quickly Florence Huntley has thrown me over. It was worth the toss of the fortune to find her out. Fancy meeting a girl in the belief that she really loved you, and afterward discovering that she only wanted your purse. That would have been my fate if I'd got the fortune. I was hard hit, too, while I thought her a woman with a loving heart, but I shall survive my disappointment. If I thought there was any danger of Miss Gray's indulging in any Quixotic acts of remonstrance I should take measures to prevent it; but you won't find much of that kind of thing among women, believe me."

"Oh, I have loved you long," she whispered on his breast.

They were married, and the finding of the long-lost will made little difference, since they shared the fortune together.

know, that this new will gives the fortune all to me. I can receive it only upon one condition. Can you guess what it is?"

Her eyes fell beneath his—the consciousness crimson dyed her fair soft cheeks.

"I will not guess," she said. "You shall tell me."

He caught her little fluttering hand and raised it to his lips.

"If I take fortune from this precious hand, give me the hand as well," he said.

"Darling Marian, I love you! I have loved you longer than I knew. Be my sweet wife!"

She shrank back, blushing, trembling.

"I am so poor."

"No, no; rich, rather—rich in goodness, wisdom, beauty, love, and I adore you! Nay, you will consent—it is my uncle's wish. You must obey the wishes of the dead, you know. Must she not Mr. Wilde?" he added, with a sad and dejected—bnt that discreet gentleman had stolen from the room.

"I will obey the wishes of my own heart, first," said Marian. "Dear Robert, can it be that you really love me?"

"With my whole heart! And you, Marian?"

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They were married, and the finding of the long-lost will made little difference, since they shared the fortune together.

CARPENTER AND CHAOTE.

Making his way to Boston, young Carpenter boldly applied to Rufus Chaote for a place in his office. It is said that the great lawyer was impressed by the manly appearance of the youthful applicant, and inquired of his head clerk if there was room in front of his office for another student. On being informed that there was not, he ordered a table to be placed in his own private office, and set young Carpenter to work. Half by a test and half by way of a joke, before leaving for court he handed the young student a letter to answer from a country attorney asking Mr. Chaote's opinion upon a question of law. Young Carpenter worked diligently all day, embodying the result of his work in a carefully prepared letter to the correspondent. What was Mr. Chaote's surprise on his return to find that the letter contained the very epitome of the law, stated in the clearest and concisest terms. Reading it carefully over a second time, he said: "I guess I can put R. Chaote to the end of that and tell the fellow to send me \$100." The name was attached, the letter sent, and the money quickly returned. From that hour young Carpenter was ingratiated into the affection and favor of his illustrious patron, and through all the dark hours that followed the sun of that great friendship never passed behind a cloud. In 1843 he took up his residence at Beloit, Wis., now a young and thrifty city, but then more like a thriving New England village. Mr. Carpenter entered no obscure Western hamlet, as has been so often said, but mingled at once with the highest social refinement, and met at the bar some of the ablest lawyers of the Northwest. He soon became afflicted with inflammation of the eyes, and was totally blind for two years. Going to New York city for treatment, he met with an experience which borders on the sensational. He had exhausted all his means and being blind and among strangers had prepared and expected to go to the County House the next day, when that night the long-expected and mysteriously delayed draft from Mr. Chaote came to hand, and let light, if not into his eyes, into his very heart and soul. Again returning to the West, and regaining his eyesight, he entered actively upon the practice of his profession.—Congressman Williams' Fugly.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The strength of the army under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo was 49,608 infantry, 12,402 cavalry, and 5,645 artillery men, with 156 guns. But of this total of 67,655 men scarcely 24,000 were British. There were about 6,000 men of the old German Legion with the Duke; these were veteran troops, and of excellent quality. But the rest of the army was made up of Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Nassauers, Dutch and Belgians, many of whom were tried soldiers, and fought well, but many had been lately levied. Napoleon's army at Waterloo consisted of 48,950 infantry, 16,765 cavalry, 7,232 artilleries, being a total of 71,941 men and 246 guns. They are described as "the elite of the national force of France; and of all of the numerous gallant armies which that martial land has poured forth, never was there one braver, or better disciplined, or better led than the host that took up its position at Waterloo on the morning of June 18, 1815." Napoleon began the battle at about 11:30 a.m., by directing a powerful force from his left wing, under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont, the fight at which is so graphically described by Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables." The great battle lasted until about 9 o'clock, and the Prussians drove the French fugitives before them throughout the night. The army under the Duke of Wellington lost nearly 15,000 men in killed and wounded, and the loss of the Prussian army was nearly 7,000 more. The loss of the French was upward of 30,000 men, besides 227 pieces of artillery.

"And in so doing earned my lasting gratitude," cried Robert, warmly.

"Florance is not worth winning. I can imagine no more miserable life than that which must fall to the lot of her husband. And it is worth more than the fortune to know that in you I find a true woman at last, whose mind and I but not her face, but one is as lovely as the other."

He stopped short, for Wilde's hand was on his arm.

"Read your letter first," said that gentleman, coolly, "and then we'll read the will."

Robert obeyed him.

"The letter confirms Marian's statement," said he, "and contains the expression of a wish. Do you know what that wish is?" he asked her.

"No," she answered, in surprise; "I do not."

"But you would advise me to endeavor to comply with it of course—you who fulfill his wishes so religiously? and this wish is also my own. Yes, my most earnest desire."

Marian laughed sweetly.

"It should be to me, but it depends upon another—upon you!"

"Upon me?"

"Yes, dearest Marian, upon you. Mr. Wilde here is going to inform me,

FLORENCE'S FIRST LETTER.

Here is the best specimen of precocity we have known. The letter was received by a prominent gentleman of Boston, and the handwriting, though in printing, was strongly suggestive of his son-in-law:

DEAR GRANDPA: I was a week old yesterday afternoon, and papa said if I was a good girl last night that I might write a letter to my own grandpa to-day. I was good last night, and mamma had a good night, too, and she and I are both doing well. Papa is doing well, too. I like my two grandmamas quite too terribly much. I want to see my grandpa, and see if he is really and truly an "elderly gentleman," as mamma's mamma says.

I like your picture very so much, dear grandpa, and don't think you look "elderly" at all. Mamma says you are coming to see me soon, and I am so glad. I want you to come as soon as you can, and stay a long time, and you and I can talk over old times together. Won't that be precious? They haven't told you anything about me in their letters to you, so I'm just going to tell you about myself. I have blue eyes, and hair of an amber hue. I am perfect in all respects, physically and intellectually (papa taught me those two big words this morning). I eat a good deal, and the nurse says I am a little pig. I sleep some but don't eat very much, except when very hungry. I have one (1) tooth, ten (10) fingers and ten (10) toes. I take an inventory every morning to see that they are all right. Now, I want to send my love to all my nice relatives, and I must stop, because I am tired. I shall be so glad when you come. We are all well and happy. I hope you will love me, dear grandpa, and the nurse says I am a good girl. Write soon, and you will soon receive my first letter from your loving granddaughter,

FLORENCE.

P. S.—Aren't you glad I'm a girl?

—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

EDWARD H. FOX, Prop.,

North-East Corner of Main and Third Streets,

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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When you visit Danville, don't fail to call and see me.

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